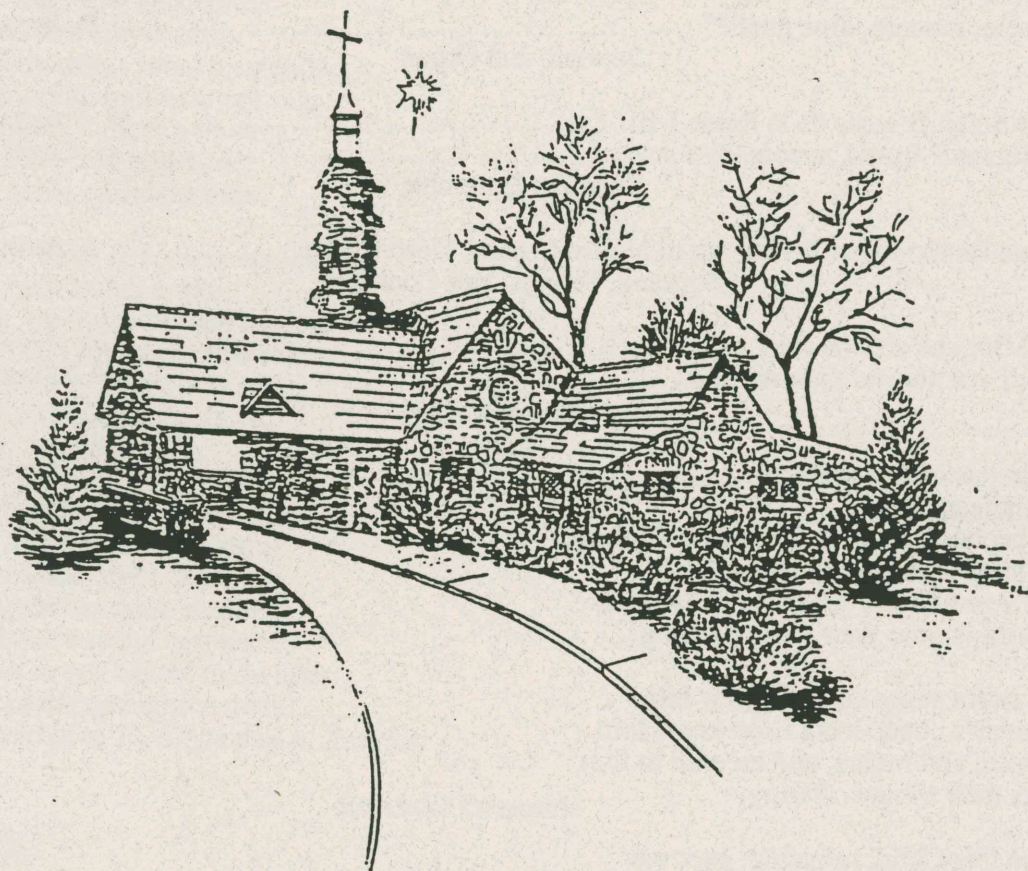


PITTSBURG STATE UNIVERSITY
PITTSBURG, KANSAS

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

presents a program of

Advent & Christmas Music



Wednesday, December 4, 1996
Friday, December 6, 1996
Timmons Chapel
7:30 p.m.

PROGRAM

Lament Mary Kahmann
 She moves through the fair..... Irish Traditional

Harp*

Concerto in D minor, BWV 1060, Adagio J.S. Bach
 Violin, Oboe, and Organ

"Nascere, nascere, dive puelle" G.B. Bassani
 Soprano and Organ

Dance Suite: Bransle de la Reine I-III M. Praetorius
 "La Bignani" from Canzone da sonar G. Cavaccio
 Recorder Ensemble

Cantata Pastorale per la Nativita di Nostro Signore Gesu Cristo A. Scarlatti
 Soprano, Strings, and Continuo

"Quel fior che all'alba ride" G.F. Handel
 "No, di voi non vo' fidarmi" G.F. Handel
 Sopranos and organ

"Quem pastores laudavere" arr. M. Praetorius

Audience Sings:

Shepherds sang their praises o'er him,
 Called by angels to adore him:
 "Have no fear, but come before him:
 Born is now your glorious King!"

Eastern sages come to view him,
 Judah's conquering Lion knew him,
 Gold, and myhrr, and incense to him
 As their tribute offering.

On this Child, rejoicing, gaze we;
 Led by Mary, anthems raise we;
 Reverently, with angels, praise we
 With the sweetest melody.

Christ our King, from Mary springing,
God made man, salvation bringing,
Thee we worship, ever singing:
"Honour, praise, and glory be!"
(translated by H. Keyte and A. Parrott)

"Es ist ein Roess entsprungen"Praetorius

Audience Sings:

Of Jesse's line descended,
By ancient sibyls sung,
With thornless branch extended,
From noble root new-sprung,
A Rose doth bear a Flower,
All in the cold midwinter
And at the midnight hour.

That Flower of ancient splendour,
Of which Isaiah spake,
Mary, the Rose-branch tender,
Puts forth for mankind's sake;
Obedient to God's will,
A little Child she bears us,
Yet is a maiden still.

The frozen air perfuming,
That tiny Bloom doth swell;
Its rays, the night illuming,
The darkness quite dispel.
O Flower beyond compare,
Bloom in our hearts' midwinter:
Restore the springtime there!
(translated by H. Keyte and A. Parrott)

Recorder Ensemble

*Friday night only

Texts and Translations

Nascere, nascere, dive puellule..... G.B. Bassani

Be born, be born, divine little boy;
hasten from heaven, delicate love.
Now the earth of Nazareth
brings forth a little flower,
and he ends wars and gives a kiss of peace,
works of the spirit.
Be born, etc.

O giant little boy,
your departure was from highest heaven,
and your journey even unto the highest heaven.

Disperse, stampede,
fly away, shadows of Hades.
The sun of justice now rises;
death, thrust through, now dies.
Sing, you dwellers of heaven,
with praise to the divine will.
Disperse, etc.

O golden age of native peace,
the sources of fertile olive break forth,
the fields laugh, the mountains flower,
the awaited and longed-for Son of God
now comes and relieves his people.

Resound, rejoicing heavens,
to God newborn,
loving minds sing sweet hymns.
Behold, the liberator comes,
the newborn restorer cries,
bearing our heavy faults.
Resound, etc.

Alleluia!
(translated by Kathleen Coffee)

Cantata Pastorale per la Nativita di Nostro Signore Gesu Cristo A. Scarlatti

Oh humble city of Bethlehem,
how art thou now blessed!
Lo, the Maker of all things,
in his infinite mercy,
from heav'n descending,
Comes to dwell among mortals,
here is born of a virgin,
and fills thy walls with everlasting glory.

Of a virgin pure and lowly
Now is born the King of Glory
Angel voices tell the story
Singing praise in anthem holy.
He for us mortals,
for our salvation
Has to earth from heaven descended,
By whose wondrous Incarnation
God and man in one are blended.
Of a virgin, *etc.*

Thus he taketh upon him
all that humankind must suffer,
Cold and hunger enduring,
he dwelleth, a child among us,
And from death to redeem us,
and from torment eternal,
that sinful humanity awaited,
He his innocent body will offer instead,
in sacrifice atoning for all.

Our hope of life undying
See in a manger lying,
Born as a child in station lowly.
Through him, the Lord of Heaven,
Our sins are all forgiven,
Our souls made holy.
Our hope, *etc.*

Happy shepherds, whom the voices of angels
did summon first of all people,
Haste ye now to adore him,
Our redeemer and saviour,
who now is born on earth for our salvation!
To celebrate his birth
haste at once to the stable,
Your pipes bring with you too,
your music, your rustic airs shall soothe him while he slumbers!

The first ye were to hear the angel voices,
Because tonight is born the Lamb of God on earth.
Then haste ye on your way,
kneel before him,
With rustic pipe and song adore him!
The first, *etc.*
(translated by Edward Dent)

"Quel fior che all'alba ride" G.F. Handel
The flower that smiles at dawn,
by the sun is slain anon,
and by evening has found a grave.

A flower, too, is life:
declining at first light,
its verdant spring lost in a single day.

"No, di voi non vo' fidarmi" G.F. Handel
No, I will not trust you,
blind Love and cruel beauty!
You tell too many untruths,
alluring Deities.

Once before your fetters
bound my trusting heart.
Your wiles I have experienced,
know what tyrants you both are.

PERFORMERS

Sopranos

Kathryn Parke
Stella Hastings

Harp

Kathleen McCollam

Recorders

Elizabeth Holmesley
Lisa Dunn
Tim Sauerwein
Jason Dunn

Violins

Paul Carlson
Bruce Daniel

Viola

James Beltz

Cello

Carolann Martin

Oboe

David Hurley

Organ

Darrell Glenn, Jr.
Carol Hoyt
Susan Marchant

